FACTS CONCERNING "MANITOU!"

The Finest Sparkling Table Water and Ginger Champagne in the World.

AN ABSOLUTELY NATURAL MINERAL WATER,

That Creates Appetite, Aids Digestion, and Tones Up the System Generally.

1st. The developed springs of Manitou consist of the following group: NAVAJO, MANITOU, and SHOSHONE, all controlled by the MANITOU MINERAL WATER COMPANY.

2d. The purity and virtue of these remarkable springs have long been known, but it is only within the last three years that efforts have been made to supply the waters to the people in a commercial way, and the success of the business since then has been truly wonderful, the demand having grown to such proportions as to require the constant employment of a large force of men to bottle and ship the goods.

3d. These waters are bottled JUST AS THEY FLOW FROM THE EARTH AND SOLD IN BOTTLES ONLY; EVERY BOTTLE is put UP AT THE SPRING. Therefore our customers can be assured that what they receive is the PURE MINERAL SPRING WATER.

4th. Nearly all so-called natural mineral waters to be at all palatable must be treated with a solution of SALT and BI-CARBONATE of SODA. This Company will place as a guarantee and forfeit the sum of ($500) FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS if it can be found that one iota of either of these ingredients is impregnated into the MANITOU WATERS, except by Nature.

5th. One of the remarkable features of these waters is the amount of FREE CARBONIC ACID GAS they contain, the bubbling of which can be heard many feet away. A glassful of water dipped from the spring has ALL THE EFFERVESCENCE of the best brands of champagne. Herein lies its GREAT VIRTUE AS A TABLE WATER, this peculiar and lasting effervescence, together with its other mineral properties, acts as a most EXCELLENT APPETIZER and remedy for INDIGESTION OR DYSPEPSIA, and as a corrective for many other ailments.

6th. The Company also make from this water, combined with PURE FRUIT flavors and Jamaica Ginger, a most healthful and delicious beverage which they have happily named **MANITOU GINGER CHAMPAGNE.** A more delightful and refreshing drink for ladies and children cannot be found, which explains at once the large demand that has sprung up for these goods. TRY IT AND YOU WILL USE NO OTHER.

7th. The Manitou Water Company will guarantee this exhilarating beverage absolutely free from CAYENNE PEPPER and essential oils, and that only their own extraction of pure Jamaica Ginger and Fruit Juices are used.

CHARLES KRAEMER,

AGENT,

737 Seventh Street Northwest, Washington, D. C.

SIR CUPID.

Sir Cupid once, as I have heard,
Determined to discover
What kind of a man a maid preferred
Selecting for a lover.
So, putting on a soldier's coat,
He talked of martial glory;
And from the way he talked, they say,
She seemed to like—the story!

Then, with a smile sedate and grim,
He changed his style and station:
In shovel hat and gaiters trim
He made his visitation.
He talked of this, discoursed on that,
Of Palestine and Hermon;
And from the way he preached, they say,
She seemed to like—the sermon!

Then, changed again, he came to her
A roaring, rattling sailor.
He cried, "Ho, ho! I love you so!"
And vowed he'd never fail her.
He talked of star and compass true,
The glories of the ocean;
And from the way he sang, they say,
She seemed to like—the notion!

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,
Discarded his disguises;
"That you no preference seem to find
My fancy much surprises."
"Why so?" she cried, with roguish smile,
"Why, prithee, why so stupid?
I do not care what garb you wear,
So long as you are—Cupid!"

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

A PHANTOM PORTRAIT.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

"DEAR MIKE: Will you look in at my shop this evening? Quiller is in town, and is going to dine with me at the club. I can't stand an evening of him alone, but if you and Teddy O'Brien will support me, with pipes and potations, I think we shall be a match for him. Come early, and I'm your friend for life. DICK GRAVES."

I had nothing particular to do, so I sent word round to Dick that I should turn up, having first made sure that Teddy O'Brien, whose studio was in the same block, would go also. Quiller we knew of old, as all the world knew him—a man who had seen everything, done everything, been everywhere—and these occasional visits of his were a perpetual terror to Graves. Why he paid them we never knew. There was a kind of traditional friendship between the families certainly, but Quiller was a man who scoffed at tradition. He was in every way out of sympathy with a set of ardent and impecunious painters. As journalist, as traveler, as man of the world, he had outlived his enthusiasm. Life contained no new experiences, no surprises for him. It was only a monotonous round of the known and the expected.

Dick Graves, who usually shone as a host, was not at his best that evening. He was nervous at first, and rather silent, leaving the burden of talk to Teddy and myself, and we had the ill-luck as the punch circulated to light on a vein of humorous stories, at which we laughed consumedly ourselves without evoking even a smile from the guest of the evening.

"Will you fellows look over my Cornish sketches?" said Graves, suddenly jumping up in desperation. "I think there are some you have not seen"—and he began to rummage about among a pile of old canvases.

Quiller resumed his seat and sat half-absently, half-contemptuously, watching us as we turned over the paintings—possibly he was amused by our jargon of "tone" and "quality," and the rest. At length I picked up from the heap a painting that caught my eye and propped it up on the easel near the lamp. It was quite unlike Graves's usual work, and I stood looking at it for a moment, not quite knowing why I did so. It was the head of a young woman, pale and slightly worn. She was leaning a little forward, looking out of the picture, her mouth parted by a slight, tremulous smile, and in her eyes a look that was a strange mingling of emotions, as if a new hope and happiness had come into a life of sorrow—a look half wistful, half exultant. I turned to speak to Graves, and saw that Quiller had got up and was standing gazing at the picture with a look of fascination or of fear. Here at last was something that interested him.

"Where did you get that?" he asked abruptly.

"What do you think of it?" said Graves slowly.

"It's a good head," said Teddy O'Brein.

"It's a wonderful model," said I.

"A face to haunt one," said Quiller, in a tone quite unlike his ordinary cynical one.

"Ah, that's it," said Graves. "It's more than human."

"Who is it?" said Quiller, in his abrupt way again.

"'Pon my soul I can't tell you, for I don't know. It's a queer story, and one I'm almost ashamed to ask you to believe. I shan't blame you if you think I'm humbugging."

We settled ourselves by the fire with our pipes, and Dick began his story in a manner, for him, so unusually grave and impressive that it seemed to leave no room for doubt as to his perfect good faith in the matter.

"I went into Cornwall, as you know, at the end of the summer, and after loafing 'round Newlyn for a while, I went to the south coast, to try and find some place that had been less painted. I stayed a few days at Polperro, but it was all so much like the smaller exhibitions in town that I could not stand it, and I finally landed at——," naming a small seaport town—"where there were no painters and not many visitors. I stayed at the 'Ship Inn," and looked 'round for some place to hang up my palette. After some inquiries I found a small cottage which had been empty for some time, but which had evidently been used as a studio, for there was a wall knocked out at one side and a good-sized room added, with a high north light. On the south, the kitchen and 'parlor,' which opened one into the other, had a view of the loveliest little harbor in the world. The place was just what I wanted, and the rent was absurd—only £10 a year; so I took it for six months, on the understanding I was to keep it on if I chose. I bought a few things to make the place comfortable, and got an old woman to look after it for me; but I lived most of the time at the 'Ship Inn,' and just at first I spent very little time at the studio, only taking in my canvases at night. When October set in cold and wet I had to do some work in-doors, and then it was I began to think there was something queer about the place. One day I had been painting a young girl from the village, the grand-daughter of my ancient dame, and I was putting a few touches to the background, when I heard a sound close behind me, like a very gentle sigh. I looked 'round quickly, but there was no one in sight—no one in the room, in fact. I went on painting, with an uncomfortable feeling of something uncanny, and in a few minutes the sound was repeated actually at my ear. I dropped my brush with the start I made, and then I went all through the house to see if any one was in it. I knew that Annie and her grandmother had gone home, and I thought—I hoped—that some poor soul had crept in to shelter from the rain by the kitchen fire. Well, there was not a soul near the place. I locked up carefully that night when I went back to the inn, and in the solace of a glass of grog and a pipe before I went to bed I almost persuaded myself there was nothing in it. In the morning I had really forgotten it, I fancy; but when I got back to the studio a curious thing had happened. Right across the face in my picture were a couple of brush marks, such as you might make if you were trying the tooth of a canvas, completely spoiling my work of the day before. I called up Annie and her grandmother, and accused them of playing tricks. They were indignant at the idea, and finally I had to apologize for my suspicions. We searched the house together, but could find no means by which any one could have entered, and at last I was obliged to conclude that I must have done the damage myself when I let my brushes fall. In a few days, however, it became impossible to explain the thing by this or any other natural means; constantly my canvases were tampered with, and I grew to have the feeling that after twilight I was never alone in the room; that faint sigh, which had so startled me at first, I came to listen for and expect, and I began at last to clothe it with a personality, and to wish I had some means of comforting the poor soul who had no other language in which to express her despair. I did not think it was she who had defaced my canvases, however, and I took to carrying my work back with me at night to the inn, where they were secure from interference.

"I suppose the thing would have ended there but for an accident. There was a race meeting in the town, and the 'Ship' was invaded by a low set of fellows, who got drunk, and made beasts of themselves generally. The place became unbearable, and I determined to camp in the studio until they cleared out. I made up a big fire, got my old woman to leave me some hot water in the kettle, and with help of a rug and a pillow stuffed into the back of my chair I made myself tolerably comfortable for the night. How long I slept I don't know. I awoke suddenly, not as one does in bed, with a drowsy feeling of relief that it is too early to get up, but with every sense on the alert, and a curious impression that something unusual was happening. The fire was still bright, and made a glow on the opposite wall; but what made the room so light was the moon shining in through the square window in the roof. I could see everything in the room quite plainly, but I seemed oppressed by some weight that made me powerless to move. I sat there staring at what happened as helpless as if I had been bound. My painting things were just as I had left them; my canvas, on which I had sketched in a head, on the easel, and close by, on a stool, paints, brushes, and palette. They had been there, that is to say, for now there stood in front of the easel, with his back to me, a tall man, with a stoop in his shoulders, and dark gray hair; he had my palette in his hand, and he was painting with a sort of nervous intensity that it thrilled one to see. I looked to see what he was painting, for he kept glancing over toward the patch in the moonlight; but at first I could see nothing. Then I heard that little gentle sigh, but not, it seemed to me, so utterly weary and heart-broken as formerly; it was a sigh almost of content. And as I pondered on this my eyes seemed to become more accustomed to the light; and there, in the moonlight, on the very chair in which Annie had sat, was a woman, leaning slightly forward, young, beautiful, and very pale—but you have seen the picture. I looked at her now more than at him, only glancing now and then to see how the work went on. As I watched her the face changed, and the sorrowful, worn look gave place to a kind of wondering happiness—he has not quite got it in the picture: it was as if the feeling were so intense it made a kind of radiance round her. I don't know how long I watched. At last a sound made me turn and look at the painter; he had thrown down the palette and brushes, and was standing looking at his work; then he turned slowly and held out his hands with a supplicating gesture. She had risen, too, and came a step forward, with a wonderful light in her eyes, and just as she put her hands in his a cloud crossed over the moon and blotted out the figures from my sight. When it passed the patch of moonlight was empty, and there was only the painted head and the palette lying on the floor to convince me I had not been dreaming. After that I must have fallen asleep, for it was broad daylight when I next remember anything, and I heard the welcome and familiar sound of my old woman preparing my breakfast. The smell of frying pilchards was refreshingly mundane, and I got up stiff and sore from my uneasy couch, prepared to find that my phantoms of the night before had been nothing but a dream. No; there was the picture, just as you see it, and on the floor were the palette and brushes. I picked them up and looked curiously at them. If you'll believe me, I could never make up my mind to clean the paint off that palette, and it hangs there just as that fellow left it."

We sat silent for some minutes when Graves had done. I confess the story impressed me a good deal, and glancing up I could see that Quiller was strangely moved.

"And did you never have any explanation of the thing?" said I at last.

"No," said Graves, "I never had any explanation, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

Quiller had risen, and stood near the fire.

"I think I can give it," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

Graves stared at him; no one spoke, and he went on, as if unwillingly:

"That must have been Drake's cottage you had; he was before your time—I daresay you never heard of him. He lived there with his wife—and that's her portrait."

Graves's stare of surprise became more profound, and Teddy and I looked on in silent wonder. Quiller went on, speaking like a man that has been carried quite out of himself:

"There was a tragic story told about Drake and his wife. He was a good deal older than she, and changeable and moody in his ways; and she, poor child, was ambitious to help him to be great. At first he was tender and thoughtful toward her, and then he seemed to forget how fragile and sensitive she was—neglected her, and grew more and more morose and moody. He used to get very savage about his models, and complain that it was impossible to get any one with intelligence enough to sit decently. Once his wife asked him whether she could not sometimes help him by sitting, and he only laughed at her, I remember. 'You—you!' he said—that was all. Then the poor child had an illness, which, if she had been happier, might have ended differently, and been a new happiness to both of them; but she was too worn out with sorrow and disappointment, and in the end she died. In her delirium she was always calling to her husband: 'Let me help you, let me be of some use; only once, dear; paint me only once;' and poor Drake, who woke up to a sense of his loss, was heart-broken at his inability to satisfy her. The tenderest and most passionate tones of his voice never reached her, and she died without ever knowing him again. After that Drake was a changed man; he seemed to have only one idea—to paint the portrait of his wife. Canvas after canvas he spoiled, and when I went so see him he would say: 'She cannot rest until I have done it. I must succeed; sooner or later I must satisfy her.' At length he became so unmanageable, eating nothing, and spending long, sleepless nights walking about the country, that his friends came and took him away. He died some months after in an asylum."

"By Jove!" said Teddy O'Brien when Quiller had finished, and then relapsed into silence.

I looked at Graves, but he was lost in a wonderment too deep for words.

"The portrait's very like her," said Quiller, with a strange awe in his tone. "I'm glad poor Drake succeeded at last."

"You think——" said I, and broke off.

Quiller was putting on his coat. He answered my unspoken question with a solemnity for which I was not prepared.

"For twenty-two years those two poor ghosts have been waiting their opportunity. Let us be thankful that in the end they found it."

He seemed to forget to take leave of us in any way, and went without another word. As the door closed each of us drew a deep breath of relief. Dick raised his head with an air of stupefaction.

"That's a rum story," said Teddy O'Brien; "why did you never tell it before?"

"The rummiest thing about it is the sequel," said I. "Dick, old man, is your part true?"

"I don't know," said Dick; "I begin to think it must be."

"Great Scotland Yard!" said Teddy O'Brien "did you make it up?"

"Every word of it—on the spur of the moment."

"Did you know——"

"Not a word. Quiller seemed struck by that picture, and it was the only sign of human interest he had shown, so I thought I'd humor him. I didn't mean a ghost story when I began, but it somehow developed into that. I would have given a good deal to take a rise out of him, but I never hoped for anything so complete as this."

"It was a curious coincidence that you should have taken Drake's cottage," said Mr. O'Brien.

"Yes," said Dick dryly, "but the most curious part of it all is that the cottage was made up, too."

"Great Scotland Yard!" said Teddy O'Brien again.

"And who painted the head?"

"I painted it myself," said Dick, "and I begin to think it must be a deuced good picture."

Fees of Pension Attorneys.

It is probable that the conference on the Pension Appropriation bill will be compelled to report a disagreement. The House conferees have sent an ultimatum to the Senate conferees insisting that the reduction of fees of pension attorneys made by the bill shall apply in all cases except where special contracts are on file in the Pension Office. The Senate conferees insist that the reduction shall not apply to any existing contracts, whether on file in the Pension Office or not, and refuse to go any further.

Acting Secretaries Designated.

The President has designated Assistant Secretary Nettleton to act as Secretary of the Treasury in the absence of Secretary Foster and Assistant Secretary Spaulding to act in the absence of both. There is no difference in the rank of the Assistant Secretaries and the above designation is made in the order of seniority of appointment. The vacant Assistant Secretaryship will be filled in a few weeks.

Impeachment of a Judge.

In the House yesterday Mr. Thompson, of Ohio, from the Committee on Judiciary, reported the following resolution: "That Aleck Boarman, judge of the United States District Court for the Western District of the State of Louisiana, be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors." The discussion of this resolution was interrupted to proceed to the consideration of the resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Representative James Phelan, of Tennessee.

—Drink Tannhauser beer. H. Benzler.